

I'LL NOT OPEN AS LONG AS CAPT. O'REILLY IS HERE, SAYS DE LACY.

Pool-Room King Admits Defeat at the Hands of the "Brooklyn Terror"—Latter Tells Artist Tom Powers How He Is Cleaning the Oak Street Precinct.

Fully conscious that Capt. Miles O'Reilly, the "Terror," from Brooklyn, will raid him if he opens his pool-room for business, Peter De Lacy has quit.

For the first time in years the king of the pool-room business in New York admits that he has met a police captain who has the nerve to put him out of business.

The De Lacy pool-room will not run in the Oak street precinct while Capt. O'Reilly is in charge.

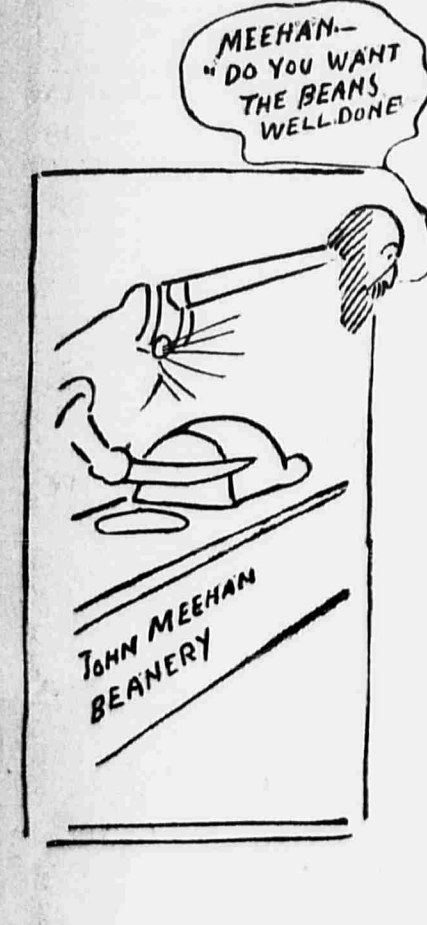
De Lacy was in his office when an Evening World reporter called to-day. The place was deserted.

"Could I place a bet on a race here to-day?" asked the reporter.

"Well," responded De Lacy, "you see that there are no signs of any business doing around here now. And there



Capt. O'Reilly at his desk. "Look pleasant, please."



CAPT O'REILLY ON THE TRAIL

The Brooklyn "Holy Terror" on Park Row.

won't be any signs later in the day. I am not going to open up.

"Capt. O'Reilly says that the business of running a pool-room is dishonest and that he will close me if I try to make a living. I have had enough trouble in my life and I don't want any more of it. There would be no use in my getting arrested and going through a costly proceeding to establish my right to make a living.

PII Stay Closed.

"I will take no more bets on the races in this precinct—at least as long as Capt. O'Reilly is in command. If he can make a distinction between taking a bet on the races at the track and making a bet on the races in the city he has got me. So long as he thinks the business is dishonest it is useless for me to buck against his opinion. He has the power to close me and I close!

"I have never met Capt. O'Reilly, but from what I have heard of him I have a great deal of admiration for him. I admire a man who has his own opinions and sticks to them. I want to deny that I ever said I would knock Capt. O'Reilly down.

Is NOT Dishonest.

"What I did say was that Capt. O'Reilly was mistaken when he said I was making a dishonest living—if he did say it. I am making a gambler's living. I am a gambler. If the gamblers who take bets and make bets at Sheepshead Bay or Coney Island are not dishonest it is not fair to stigmatize me as dishonest.

"I never made a dishonest penny in my life. Every man that ever won a bet from me has been paid. I never took advantage of a person since I have been in business. If that is dishonesty, then I am much mistaken."

"Will you open up somewhere else?" De Lacy was asked.

"Well," he replied, "I've got to make a living. If Capt. O'Reilly drives me out of this precinct because he thinks I am in a dishonest business, perhaps I can find a precinct where the captain does not think that making book on the races is dishonest. I have made no plans.

"While there will be no betting on the races here, I will continue to manage my future book on the Surburban from this address—No. 33 Park Row. This will continue to be the office of Peter De Lacy, no matter what because of the business he has been making a living at for a good many years."

O'REILLY PRETTY WELL SATISFIED, THANKS.

De Lacy was unperturbed by the furore he created in his first two days as commander of the Oak street station. Miles O'Reilly remarked to-day as he turned the men out on the first tour that he was pretty well satisfied with

the way in which things were going.

"The men understand," he said, "that they have got to perform their duty to the letter, and that they will be held strictly to account. As for the stopping of gambling, I don't care a continental for De Lacy, or for any threat he may make. On the other hand, I would just as soon shake him by the hand and make him look pleasant."

Capt. O'Reilly called at Headquarters to-day for the first time since his transfer from Brooklyn. He went to see about some repairs he wants made to the station-house, an old building reaching Headquarters west direct to the Department of Repairs and Supplies.

While these words were being said, the "Terror" had arrived. Police officers in the hallways to get a glimpse of the grim old man who is going to clean up the Oak street precinct. Inspector Brooks, in whose inspection district the Oak street precinct is located, sent a messenger to ask Capt. O'Reilly to step into his office.

Capt. O'Reilly stepped in, remaining about ten minutes. Inspector Cross met Capt. O'Reilly in the hallway and greeted him cordially. The Oak street commander concluded his visit to headquarters with a call on Inspector Partridge.

TOM POWERS SEES THE "BROOKLYN TERROR."

BY T. E. POWERS.

The appearance of Miles O'Reilly, the "Holy Terror," who has come over from Brooklyn to make the Oak street precinct so clean that no self-respecting sailor will live in it, is anything but terrifying. He is a big man with mild blue eyes and a pompadour hair-cut. In manner he is gentle, almost fatherly. Compared with him Capt. Chapman has the aspect of a pirate.

When I went to call on him yesterday afternoon in the gloomy old station-house I found him surrounded with floral wreaths, horseshoes, anchors, rubber-plants and other designs dear to the Brooklyn heart. On his desk was a big pile of congratulatory letters and telegrams, which he was busily engaged in answering. The rain was tracing geometrical designs on the grimy windows and in a neighboring tenement a hardworking mother was caressing her offspring with what sounded like a shovel.

"Are you Capt. O'Reilly?" I asked, trying to look like "Bat" Masterson. "Yes, sir," was the response.

"Well," said I, "I have come to see you about opening a pool-room. I've got the bank-roll and can get the play. How much do you want?"

He swung around in his chair and looked at me with a puzzled expression. I heard a buzzing out in the room where the Sergeant was, and a policeman appeared at the door. Just then I presented my card.

"It's all right," said Capt. O'Reilly, smiling to the policeman. "I guess it's

A fifteen-ball pool-room you want to open."

We got chummy right away. Capt. O'Reilly is an entertaining man. He has a ready Irish wit and he knows how to use it.

"Have you got the precinct pretty well cleaned up?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "the poor devils are running away. I haven't had to do much. The press has thrown a scare into the lawbreakers and the way they are getting out is like an army of rats leaving a sinking ship. There are great things afoot here these days. To hear the talk of some of them you'd think I would go into a place and knock a man's head off. I never harmed an honest man in my life and I never went after a crook without giving him fair warning. But there can't be no temporizing with the law where I am."

"Have you met De Lacy?" I went on.

"I saw De Lacy yesterday," answered Capt. O'Reilly, "and I suppose I know him again. I met him. They tell me he is a good man to his family."

"This is a strange comment to me," he continued. "I never thought I'd get out of Brooklyn. I used to live down this way but the place is different now. It is interesting, but I can't say that there is much new about it. Police precincts are generally alike and the people down here are no different from people in similar neighborhoods in Brooklyn."

"I was out until 2 o'clock this morning looking over the precinct and I heard the greatest collection of languages I ever listened to in my life. We have them down here in all nationalities, English, Irish, Swedish, Italian, and heaven only knows what besides."

"I found that every saloon that didn't have an all-night license was closed up. In places along Cherry street the bar-rooms were deserted and the tables were piled up with their legs in the air. It was as quiet and orderly as any place in town when I got back to the station-house. It was too late for me to go home, so I slept here all night. It is a good many years since I slept on Cherry street."

"Of course, you know Devery, the Mont Pele of Rockaway Beach?" I inquired.

A Bouquet for Devery. "I was under him in Brooklyn, and of course I know him," was the response. "I have seen him on the bottom of the ocean. He is a very nice fellow. I thought this bouquet was very nice, coming from the Brooklyn Holy Terror. And he seemed to mean it. So different from Tom Dunn, for instance, who said that Devery was an empty barrel rolling down hill."

"Are you married?" I inquired.

"I am," replied the Captain. "I have a wife and five children. I am pretty much of a home man, and spend as much time with my family as I can."

I asked him how old he was, and he said that generally he passes for thirty-five, but to me he would confess that he was fifty-eight. Attempts to draw him into reminiscences of the civil war were fruitless, but he compared police duty and the duty of a soldier.

"They are much alike," he said. "The only difference is that a soldier in a sense, he is amenable to the discipline of a soldier. He is a member of the army or peace. The man who makes a good soldier cannot help make a good policeman."

Some of Capt. O'Reilly's men came in to report and I took my leave. When I got to the door I asked him if Pete De Lacy had sent him a bouquet. "Not yet," was the cheerful reply, "but I'm expecting one any minute."

Before I left I heard the Captain refer to one of his men as an officer who had been a "canary bird." By judicious inquiry I learned that a "canary bird" is a mounted policeman. Capt. O'Reilly has never been a "canary bird," but his men in the Oak street command have come to the realization that he is the cock of the walk.

POLICEMAN DID NOT KNOW DE LACY, POOL-ROOM KING

Martin Collins is a wonder. He is a policeman. For five years he has patrolled the beat on Park Row from Ann to Spruce street. He does not know Peter De Lacy. He never saw the King of Pool-Room Keepers. De Lacy has been running a pool-room on Park Row near Hookman street for many years. His pool-room is as well known as is the Federal Building and Post-Office across the street. But Collins never heard of him or his pool-room, according to Collins.

Martin Collins is a bright looking young policeman who has been on the force seven years. He knows every one along Park Row except De Lacy. He knows the bootleggers who direct people to De Lacy's rooms and he knows the values of this artery which leads to the Brooklyn Bridge and which is the busiest of any downtown street.

De Lacy goes to work at 8 o'clock in the morning and quits at 7 in the evening. Between those hours all the races are run and only between them is De Lacy's rooms open. But Collins, whose beat is only two blocks long, never knew of De Lacy or his pool-room.

When the squad was lined up at 8 A. M. to go out for duty, Capt. Miles O'Reilly, the new commander of the Oak Street Station, said:

"What officer is on the post that takes in De Lacy?"

"I saw in the newspaper that it was on my beat, sir," said Collins.

"Do you know Peter De Lacy when you see him?"

"I do not."

"How long have you been on that post?"

"Five years."

"And you don't know De Lacy?"

"No."

"Never saw him?"

"Not that I know of. He was never pointed out to me."

Capt. O'Reilly then detailed a roundman to take Collins around and introduce him to De Lacy, telling him not to return to the station until he had made the acquaintance of the pool-room keeper.

But De Lacy had looked his door and was not letting every Tom, Dick and Harry of a policeman in, so that when an Evening World reporter saw Collins he had not yet made the acquaintance of Mr. De Lacy.

"Sure, I didn't know there was such a

thing on my beat. Of course, I always saw the bluffs drawn on the upstairs windows but I didn't know it was a pool-room. No one complained to me about De Lacy's place and I had no way of knowing it existed. But I'll bet there isn't another place like it on my beat. I wouldn't permit it.

Collins was reticent about giving information concerning himself. He hesitated some time before telling his name. He did not want to tell how many arrests he had made and if he knew what a pool-room is.

NIXON GETS SHIP YARDS.

New Building Combine Said to Be Negotiating Also for Cramps.

(Special to The Evening World.) PHILADELPHIA, June 12.—Roch's ship yards at Chester, Pa., and Harlan & Hollingsworth's at Wilmington Del., have been secured by the new ship building combine promoted by Lewis Nixon.

It is reported that negotiations are going on for the Cramps yards here.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ALMANAC FOR TO-DAY.

Sun rises... 5:23 (Sun set)... 7:30 Moon sets... A. M.

THE TIDES.

High Water... A. M. P. M. Low Water... A. M. P. M.

Bandy Hook... 12:19 1:00 6:42 7:16

Governor's Island... 12:44 1:31 7:14 7:49

Hell Gate Ferry... 1:27 2:24 8:46 9:21

PORT OF NEW YORK.

ARRIVED.

Teutonic... Liverpool

Scandinavia... Capetown

Yamalo... Havana

Kansas City... Savannah

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

La Lorraine... Baltimore, Turk's Island

Barbados... Havana

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due to-day.

Colorado... Hull

El Paso... New Orleans

Albany... Jacksonville

Albany... Jacksonville

Sixth Avenue,
20th to 21st St

O'Neill's

Sixth Avenue,
20th to 21st St

This Friday's Offering Is of Supreme Importance!

Thirty-two distinct sales at which we offer seasonable and desirable merchandise of reliable quality at prices exceedingly close to cost---in many cases below cost.

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|--|---|--|--|
| SPECIAL SALE Women's Pure Silk Vests! Low neck, no sleeves, fancy silk trimming, cream, pink and sky, sizes 3 to 6. Made to sell at 1.00 to 1.25. To-morrow 75c each | SPECIAL SALE Men's Negligee Shirts! Made with all improvements, attached and detached cuffs. Regular Price, 1.00 to 1.25. To-morrow 75c each | SPECIAL SALE Plain Challies! Black only, half wool. Regular 15c, quality. To-morrow 10c yard | SPECIAL SALE Children's Bonnets! Odd lots from our spring stock, white and colored laces, nicely trimmed with lace and embroidery. Regular Price, 1.00 1.50. To-morrow 49c each |
| SPECIAL SALE Cut Glass Bowls! Excellent for wedding gifts, chrysanthemum and star patterns. Regular Value, 4.00. To-morrow 2.50 each | SPECIAL SALE Printed Batiste! 3,000 yards Printed Batiste in Polka Dots and Figures. Regular Value, 12c. To-morrow 6c yard | SPECIAL SALE Men's Underwear! Genuine French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, all sizes. Regular Price, 75c. To-morrow 50c each | SPECIAL SALE Dinner Sets! English Porcelain Dinner Sets of 100 pieces, old blue underglaze decorations, very choice. To-morrow 7.50 set |
| SPECIAL SALE Women's Wash Waists! White and colors, two different styles, lawn and madras, trimmed with laces and embroideries. Regular Price, 1.25. To-morrow 75c each | SPECIAL SALE Women's Lawn Wrappers! Extra quality choice colorings and patterns, deep flounce; also lawn kimonos in blue and pink figured lawns. Regular Price, 1.25. To-morrow 98c each | SPECIAL SALE Women's Gloves! Two-clasp and 3-button Suede Lisle Gloves for outing wear in the popular colors. Regular Price, 39c. To-morrow 19c pair | SPECIAL SALE Boys' Wash Suits! Sailor Suits made from woven Chambray and Crash English Galatea and White Duck, 3 to 10-year sizes. Regular Price, 1.50. To-morrow 50c each |
| SPECIAL SALE Boy's Straw Hats! An exceptionally fine line of straw saleros, latest novelties, manufacturers' samples. Regular Price, 1.50 to 2.25. To-morrow 49c each | SPECIAL SALE Turkish Towels! 500 dozen extra large Turkish Towels of good quality. Regular Value, 17c. To-morrow 12c each | SPECIAL SALE Women's Bathing Suits! They are made of heavy Sicilian, trimmed with white braids sewed with silk, full, generous skirts. Regular Price, 3.00. To-morrow 1.98 each | SPECIAL SALE Lamps! 2d floor. 100 Hand Painted Lamps with fancy mountings, also etched Ruby Lamps, with black mountings. Actual Value 10.00. To-morrow 3.98 each |
| SPECIAL SALE Walking and Golf Skirts! Made of mannish cloths, double seams, finished with flounce. Regular Price, 7.50. To-morrow 4.98 each | SPECIAL SALE Boys' Wash Pants! Imported Striped Galatea Pants in light and dark colors, 3 to 15 year sizes. Regular Price, 59c. To-morrow 25c each | SPECIAL SALE Framed Pictures! 2d floor. 1,000 colored Pictures, one-inch gilt frames, fancy corners, size 12x16. Regular Price, 50c. To-morrow 25c each | SPECIAL SALE Lawn Swings! A special lot of strong, well-made and nicely finished Lawn Swings from one of the best makers on sale. To-morrow 3.98 each |
| SPECIAL SALE Chatelaine Bags! 500 Genuine Seal Chatelaine Bags of excellent quality. Regular Price, 1.50. To-morrow 1.00 each | SPECIAL SALE Handkerchiefs! Embroidered and lace edged Handkerchiefs; also all linen initial for men and women. Regular Price, 20c, and 25c. To-morrow 12c each | SPECIAL SALE Women's Petticoats! Striped or plain Seersucker Petticoats, full width and deep flounce, blue and ox-blood. Regular Price, 79c. To-morrow 49c each | SPECIAL SALE Trimmings! Very fine Black Mohair, also beaded ornaments for trimming dresses, sashes, &c. Heretofore, 60c, to 98c. To-morrow 15c each |
| SPECIAL SALE Trimmed Shirt Waist Hats! A choice assortment comprising the newest shapes, all handsomely trimmed. Regular Price, 6.00. To-morrow 3.48 each | SPECIAL SALE Women's Belts! Black or white Silk and Satin Belts, with oxidized or gold side ornaments, clasps and back pieces. Regular Price, 75c. To-morrow 49c each | SPECIAL SALE Laces! Black silk, real hand made, Cluny and Guipure Laces. Regular Value, 35c, to 1.25. To-morrow 10, 15, 25c yard | SPECIAL SALE Women's Drawers! Women's Muslin Drawers, with wide embroidered flapping and deep embroidery ruffle. Regular Price, 75c. To-morrow 49c each |
| SPECIAL SALE Women's Muslin Gowns! Muslin and cambric Gowns, square yoke, trimmed with 4 rows of torcheon lace and embroidery inserting. Regular Price, 75c. To-morrow 69c each | SPECIAL SALE Hassocks! 300 Hassocks covered with body Brussels carpet. Regular Price, 50c. To-morrow 19c each | SPECIAL SALE White Enamelled Chairs! 150 dozen Cottage Chairs, carved backs, turned spindles, closely woven cane seats. Regular Price, 2.00. To-morrow 1.25 each | SPECIAL SALE Summer Draperies! 1,500 yards cross-stripe Grenadine for summer curtains, all colors. Regular Price, 30c. To-morrow 12c yard |

All cash purchases delivered free to any railroad station within 100 miles of New York City. We cannot execute mail orders for any of the goods included in this offering, as the prices hold good for Friday only.

GIRL DIES AS SHE ARISES FROM BED.

Miss Kelly Took Shelter with Friend Overnight, and Coroner Is to Investigate Cause of Her Death.

The Coroner will be asked to determine the cause of the death of Annie Kelly, twenty years old, of No. 106 West Twenty-seventh street, which occurred this morning in the home of a friend, Mrs. Mary McDermott, of No. 345 East Fifteenth street. The girl had gone to visit Mrs. McDermott yesterday and because of the storm remained over night.

She was in good spirits and showed no signs of illness when she went to bed.

The girl arose from her bed at 6 o'clock and suddenly fell to the floor with a gasp. She was unconscious when Mrs. McDermott found her. An ambulance was summoned, but the girl was dead before its arrival. The surgeon said that the probable cause of death was heart failure.

TAKE SUPPLIES TO POLE SEEKER.

New Yorkers Start To-Morrow from London to Meet Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition in the Arctic Regions.

LONDON, June 12.—W. G. Champ, Secretary of the Baldwin-Ziegler Arctic expedition, and Dr. G. Shurkley, of New York, start to-morrow for Tromsø, Norway, whence they will sail July 1 on the Frithjof, for Franz Josef Land, to take coal to Mr. Baldwin's ship, the America, and obtain news of the Arctic explorer. Mr. Champ expects to find the America in about 83 degrees.

If Mr. Baldwin has succeeded in his dash to the Pole he will be brought back. Otherwise the Frithjof will leave a well-equipped sledge party to search for Mr. Baldwin.

The Frithjof will return Oct. 1 at the latest.

NO INDICTMENTS AGAINST AUTO MEN

Grand Jury Fails to Find Against Baker and Deuzer, Who Were in Freak Racer that Ran Into Throng.

No indictment was found by the Richmond County Grand Jury against W. C. Baker and O. E. Denzer, who are under bonds to answer a charge of homicide in having caused the death of Andrew Featherstone and John G. Bogart at the automobile speed trial held on Staten Island on May 31.

The Grand Jury, while not finding an indictment against the accused men, handed down a recommendation setting forth that, in view of the accident at the trials, which were held under the authorization of the Board of Aldermen of New York, it is advisable that no further public auto races or steam tests of automobiles or other auto vehicles be held on any public highway in the County of Richmond.

The recommendation was signed by Samuel Anderson, foreman of the Grand Jury, and was handed down in the County Court Judge Stephens presiding. The Grand Jury having completed its work, was discharged.

CLEVELAND TO SPEAK.

Ex-President Will Be Heard with Hill Before the Tilden Club.

The promoters of the Democratic harmony meeting which is to characterize the opening of the new Tilden Club next Thursday night have been advised that both ex-President Cleveland and ex-Senator David B. Hill will be present and make speeches. William Jennings Bryan to whom a formal invitation was sent last week, has not replied to it.

Mr. Cleveland will naturally be the principal talker. He will speak in advance of Mr. Hill.

WOMAN KILLED BY TRAIN.

At Knickerbocker avenue and Moffatt street, Brooklyn, at 6:30 this morning a woman was killed by a Long Island Railway train. She is unidentified as yet.

RUN OVER BY A TRAIN.

Gustave Allen, sixty-five years old, of No. 315 Delaware avenue, Jersey City, employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad, was run over by a train at the Second street crossing to-day and badly injured. He was taken to the City Hospital.